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# CRIME

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NO. 41

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL  
TRUE  
CRIME  
STORIES!**

LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS

IN THIS ISSUE:-

"THE SMILE OF DEATH"  
"THE COCKSURE COUNTERFEITER"  
"THE SLIPPERY MR. SMITH"

AND MANY OTHER  
**TRUE**  
CRIME STORIES

*Attention-*  
A FULL-SIZE  
**52** PAGE  
MAGAZINE!  
NO SKIPPING!



BIRO





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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# THE COCKSURE COUNTERFEITER

A TRUE STORY

LUIS, LUIS—COME  
BACK! CRIME ISN'T YOUR  
FRIEND! HE'S LEADING YOU  
INTO A LIFE OF MISERY!  
STOP—BEFORE IT'S  
TOO LATE!

## SPECIAL INTRODUCING IN THIS ISSUE... OFFICER COMMON SENSE—

THAT QUIET, INTELLIGENT MAN WHO TRIES TO BE  
WITH EACH ONE OF US ALL THE TIME! ABOVE WE  
SEE A WOULD-BE CRIMINAL, LUIS (FRENCHY)  
DESHALLY—WILL HE HEED THE GOOD ADVICE OF  
OFFICER COMMON SENSE OR WILL THE DEVILISH  
MIND OF MR. CRIME CARRY "FRENCHY" DOWN  
TO RUIN ???

BUT FIRST, LET'S TURN THE PAGE AND FIND  
OUT JUST WHO OFFICER COMMON SENSE IS—

FOR OBVIOUS REASONS THE NAMES OF  
MANY OF THE CHARACTERS PICTURED IN  
THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.

*The Editors*



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OUR STORY OPENS ON A DARK LONELY STREET CORNER  
IN THE EARLY HOURS OF MORNING.



NOW IF THAT AIN'T THE  
WAY—I FORGOT TO SET MY  
WATCH WITH THE CHURCH  
CLOCK!



SUFFERING...



YEAH, BUT MIKE, WHY CAN'T WE WAIT  
TIL HE GETS AWAY A BIT?



IT'S HIM—THE  
COPPER!



SO IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE  
LOOKIN' FOR IS IT?



SURE, ANY FOOL CAN  
SEE—YOU'RE TOO SMART  
FOR US!



NOW THEN—UH!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

JOHN O'SHAY, WHAT IN BLAZES  
ARE YOU UP TO—WHAT'S HAPPENED?



THOSE THUGS—NOW WHAT  
HAPPENED—LET'S SEE—ONE  
OF THEM HAD A  
GUN AND...



OH, OH, O'SHAY—  
SOMETHING TELLS  
ME THIS IS THE ONE  
YOU FORGOT TO DUCK!  
I DON'T LIKE THE  
FEEL OF THIS!



WE HAVE OUR COURT HERE, TOO,  
JOHN, AND AS A FORMER OFFICER  
ON EARTH YOU MAY HAVE YOUR  
CHOICE OF THE WORK YOU WOULD  
LIKE TO UNDERTAKE—  
WHAT SHALL IT BE?

ONE MOMENT,  
PLEASE, YOUR

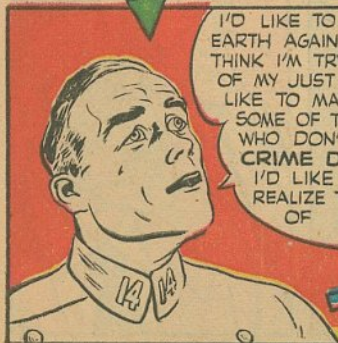
HONOR! THIS IS ALL KINDA  
QUICK LIKE AND I DON'T EXACTLY  
HAVE MY BEAT DOWN! BUT, WELL—  
COME TO THINK  
OF IT, SIR, THERE  
IS A JOB I'D  
LIKE!



THAT'S A FINE THING, JOHN—BUT YOU  
KNOW THEY CAN'T HEAR YOU, BUT, WELL—  
PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP! PERMISSION  
GRANTED AND GOOD LUCK, MY BOY!

I THINK I CAN HELP, SIR! YOU  
SEE I'VE BEEN SO CLOSE TO CRIME  
FOR SO LONG THAT—WELL, MAYBE  
I CAN SORT OF MAKE MY PRESENCE  
FELT! AND THANK YOU,  
YOUR HONOR!

I'D LIKE TO GO DOWN TO  
EARTH AGAIN, SIR! NOW DON'T  
THINK I'M TRYING TO SLIP OUT  
OF MY JUST REWARD—BUT I'D  
LIKE TO MAYBE TRY AND HELP  
SOME OF THE WEAK PEOPLE  
WHO DON'T REALIZE THAT  
**CRIME DOESN'T PAY!**  
I'D LIKE TO MAKE 'EM  
REALIZE THE TRUE VALUE  
OF GOOD COMMON  
SENSE!



I'VE NEVER SEEN THE  
LIKES OF THIS BEFORE!  
I SQUEEZE MYSELF AND  
THERE'S NOTHING TO  
GET HOLD OF—AND  
SUCH BEAUTIFUL  
MUSIC!



YOU WILL, OFFICER  
O'SHAY! THERE'S NO  
UNHAPPINESS  
HERE!



GOOD LUCK, OFFICER COMMON  
SENSE—THE FORCES OF JUSTICE  
ARE WITH YOU!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MEET LUIS DESHELLY, DAPPER-LOOKING AND ONE OF THE CLEVEREST COUNTERFEITERS NEW YORK HAS SEEN —





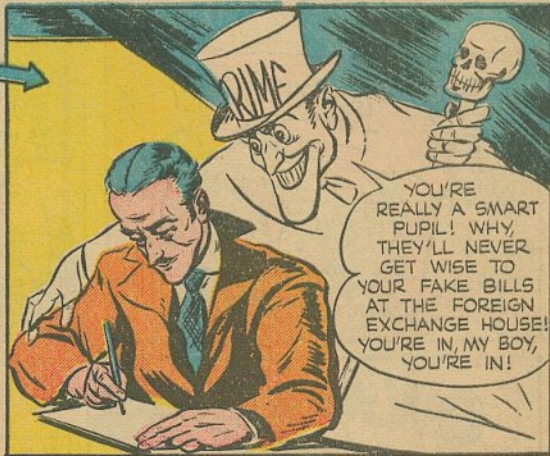
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WELCOME HOME, LUIS! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



BAH! I'VE BEEN A FOOL TO WORRY! WHY I CAN HARDLY TELL MY COUNTERFEIT NOTES FROM THE REAL ONES MYSELF, AND WITH MY GRACE AND CHARM THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF BEING DISCOVERED!



YOU'RE REALLY A SMART PUPIL! WHY, THEY'LL NEVER GET WISE TO YOUR FAKE BILLS AT THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE HOUSE! YOU'RE IN, MY BOY, YOU'RE IN!

NO, FRIENDS, THE EXCHANGE HOUSE DIDN'T DISCOVER LUIS' DECEIT— BUT THE FRENCH BANKERS—WELL, COME AND SEE HOW THEY FELT ABOUT THE NOTES!

SACRE!! THESE ARE NOT OUR NOTES!! THEY ARE COUNTERFEITS—LOOK!! LOOK!! DOZENS OF ZEM! CALL ZEE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR! GET ZEE POLICE!



CLEVER—CLEVER! THEY ARE ALMOST THE SAME—SAVE FOR ONE TINY FLAW!



WE'RE GOVERNMENT AGENTS—YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

"I WATCHED THEM SET THE TRAP FOR MY LUIS! HEH, HEH, BUT I WASN'T WORRIED! I KNEW HE WAS TOO CORRUPT TO LEARN BY ONE LESSON!"



THE CLERK'S SIGNAL— HE'S OURS! LET'S GET HIM!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

HO, IT WAS REALLY FUNNY WATCHING LUIS TRY TO FIGHT HIS WAY FREE!



OWWWW!



YOUR LOW HUMOR IS MOST UNAPPROPRIATE! HERE IS MY ATTORNEY'S ADDRESS! FETCH HIM FOR ME AT ONCE!



LATER...

ALRIGHT, DESHELLY—YOU'RE OUT ON BAIL! SEE YOU IN COURT!

ONE MOMENT, MY GOOD MAN! I ALWAYS PAY MY ATTORNEY'S CASH ON THE LINE!



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN LUIS CONFESSING TO THE POLICE WHILE IN THE HOSPITAL! HEH! HEH! HE WAS MOST AMUSING!"

YES, I ADMIT COUNTERFEITING THE BILLS! HOWEVER, YOU ARE NOT DEALING WITH AN ORDINARY CRIMINAL! I HAPPEN TO COME FROM A FINE VENEZUELAN FAMILY AND AM A CULTURED WORLD TRAVELER!

JOH, PARDON US! IN THAT CASE WE'LL LET YOU GO FREE RIGHT AWAY!



WHY—OF ALL THE COLOSSAL CRUST—JUST LET ME...

HOLD IT, CURRANS! DON'T LET THAT PONEY RILE YOU! THE LAW WILL TAKE THE SASS OUT OF HIM!

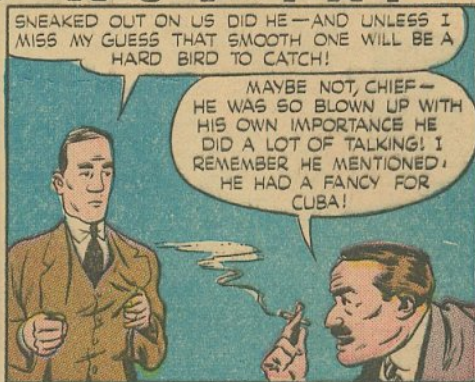


ONE NEVER CAN TELL WHAT WILL OCCUR 'TWTXT THE CRIME AND THE COURT! HAH—GOODBYE!



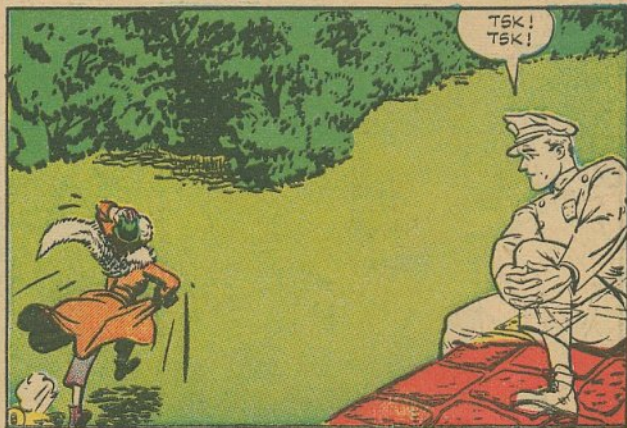
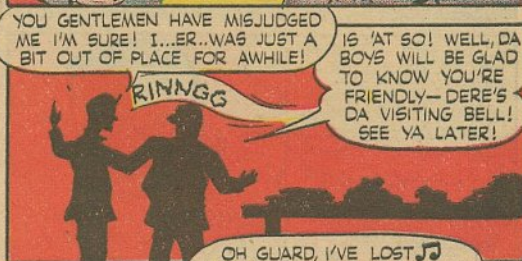


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





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# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"HO, FOLKS, MY PUPIL WAS GETTING A REAL TRAINING IN CRIME! HE WAS CAPTURED TEN MONTHS LATER UPON HIS RELEASE, HE BEGAN COUNTERFEITING FIFTY CENT PIECES AND ONCE AGAIN THE SECRET SERVICE STEPPED IN! HEH, HEH! BUT I WASN'T WORRIED—HIS BIGGEST DAY WAS YET TO COME!"

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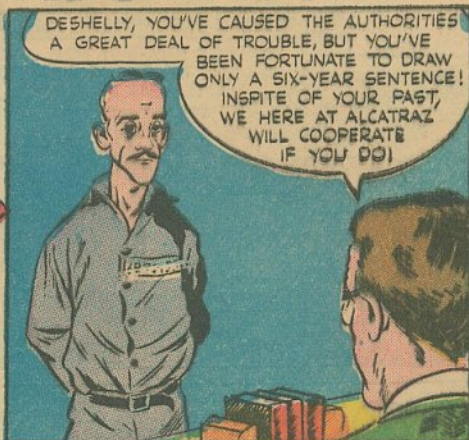
MY THIRD JIG IN PRISON! WELL, THEY HAVEN'T BEATEN ME YET! I'M STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO MAKE MY BIGGEST TAKE, BUT THIS TIME I'LL HANDLE THINGS DIFFERENTLY!



NOT KEEPS, FRIEND—JUST SIX YEARS! THAT ISN'T FOREVER, YOU KNOW—AND SOMETHING TELLS ME IF WE WORK TOGETHER, IT MIGHT BE VERY GOOD TRAINING!

I DON'T GETCHA!

WHAT'S UP YOUR SLEEVE, FRENCHY?



DESHHELLY, YOU'VE CAUSED THE AUTHORITIES A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE, BUT YOU'VE BEEN FORTUNATE TO DRAW ONLY A SIX-YEAR SENTENCE! INSPIRE OF YOUR PAST, WE HERE AT ALCATRAZ WILL COOPERATE IF YOU DO!



SO THIS IS ALCATRAZ, BETTER KNOWN AS 'THE ROCK!'

YEAH, AND IF YA GOT ANY ILLUSIONS ABOUT BREAKING OUT, FRENCHY, FORGET IT! IT CAN'T BE DONE!

SURE! YER HERE FER KEEPS!



YOU'LL SEE, LADS—WHEN THE TIME COMES!

\*IN THE YEARS TO FOLLOW, LUIS LEARNED ALL THE TRICKS FROM HIS HARDENED PLAY-MATES ON "THE ROCK"! HE WAS COLLECTING INFORMATION AND NAMES AND ADDRESSES—HEH, HEH—YES, FRENCHY WAS A BUSINESSMAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!\*





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"FINALLY THE GREAT DAY CAME WHEN MY PUPIL WAS RELEASED."

DON'T BE IMPATIENT NOW, BOYS!  
I'VE GOT BIG THINGS PLANNED—  
YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME!



GREETINGS, FRENCHY!  
CAN WE GIVE YOU  
A LIFT?

I'M A FREE MAN NOW! YOU  
COPS DON'T HAVE ANY  
REASON TO HOUND ME—  
RUN ALONG!

YOU'RE GOING  
BACK TO VENEZUELA,  
PRETTY BOY—  
COMPLIMENTS  
OF THE U.S.  
GOVERNMENT!

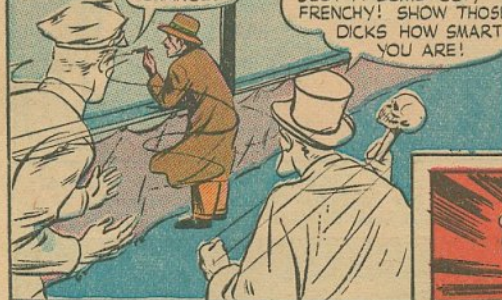


SO THEY THINK THEY CAN DEPORT ME  
DO THEY? HA! WITH THE CONNECTIONS  
I'VE MADE IN ALCATRAZ, I'LL START THE  
BIGGEST COUNTERFEITING RING  
THEY EVER DREAMED OF!



FRENCHY, YOU'VE PAID YOUR DEBT TO  
SOCIETY! YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!  
GO STRAIGHT AND TRY TO FIND A  
LITTLE HAPPINESS FOR A  
CHANGE!

DON'T LISTEN  
TO THIS  
FOOL—WHY HE'S  
JUST A DUMB COP, FRENCHY!  
SHOW THOSE  
DICKS HOW SMART  
YOU ARE!



"FOR MONTHS MY PUPIL MADE HIS PLANS  
HIS SKILLFUL HANDS WORKED ON  
COUNTERFEIT PLATES THAT HE HOPED  
WOULD MAKE HIM RICH BEYOND  
HIS WILDEST DREAMS!"



FINALLY HE WAS READY...

PERFECT! EVEN I CAN SCARCELY TELL, THE  
DIFFERENCE, BUT OF COURSE THEY NEED  
A TEST!



KINDLY CHANGE THIS  
FOR ME, MY GOOD  
MAN!

CERTAINLY,  
SIR!



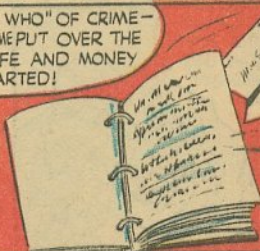
COMPLETELY FOOLED! BUT THIS  
TIME I WON'T TAKE CHANCES—I'LL  
CONTACT MY PALS AND WE'LL  
HAVE AN ORGANIZATION THAT  
CAN'T BE BEAT!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MY SWEET LITTLE "WHO'S WHO" OF CRIME—  
A HUNDRED MEN TO HELP ME PUT OVER THE  
GREATEST COUP OF MY LIFE AND MONEY  
TO HELP ME GET STARTED!



Dear Mike:  
This is your old friend  
Frenchy. I've got a bill  
printed that will make  
us a fortune. However I  
need money for chemicals  
I need money for chemicals  
Write me care of Mr. Santi  
General Delivery

SO FRENCHY'S GOT SOMETHING  
HOT—WELL, I AIN'T GOT THE  
DOUGH TO PLAY WITH HIM!

THAT GUY IS  
PROBABLY WORKING  
A RACKET—NUTS!



FRENCHY, HUH—  
GOSH, I WISH I HAD  
SOME DOUGH; I'D  
GO IN WITH HIM!



"BUT THERE WAS ONE THUG WHO WOULD  
PLAY BALL—A "RED" COLLINS, FORMER  
PAL OF FRENCHY'S IN PRISON!"



HERE, MAIL THIS DOUGH TO FRENCHY,  
CARE OF SANTI, GENERAL DELIVERY!  
HE'S A SMART LAD—TELL HIM  
TO GET OVER—HERE SOON AS  
THE STUFF IS READY TO  
PUT OUT!

OKAY,  
RED!

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...

SURPRISE, RED! THE  
"QUEER" DOUGH IS  
READY TO BE SHOVED!

FRENCHY! FOR GOSH  
SAKES, COME IN! SO  
YA FINALLY DID IT,  
HUH, KID? WELL,  
WELL—



HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM,  
COLLINS? THE BEST I  
EVER MADE!

WOW—I NEVER SEEN  
SUCH BILLS! WHY WE  
CAN DISH THESE  
OUT FOR YEARS!



TUT, TUT, MY BOY! I'M AN OLD  
TIMER AT THIS BUSINESS AND  
BELIEVE ME, SOONER OR LATER  
THOSE FEDERAL BOYS WILL CATCH  
ON TO THESE QUEERS! WE'RE  
GOING TO UNLOAD A COUPLA  
MILLIONS AT ONCE AND RETIRE!  
WHEN WHEY COME HUNTING—  
WE WON'T BE HERE!

YEAH, BUT THAT  
MEANS WE'LL  
NEED A LOT  
OF GUYS TO  
SHOVE THE  
STUFF!





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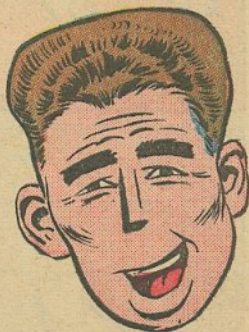
PRECISELY—AND THAT'S WHAT YOUR JOB WILL BE, RED! I'LL KEEP YOU SUPPLIED WITH BILLS FROM VENEZUELA AND YOU GET THEM DITCHED! WE'LL SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY—A BARGAIN?

YEAH! SURE, FRENCHY! IT'S A DEAL! YOU'RE ONE SMART APPLE!

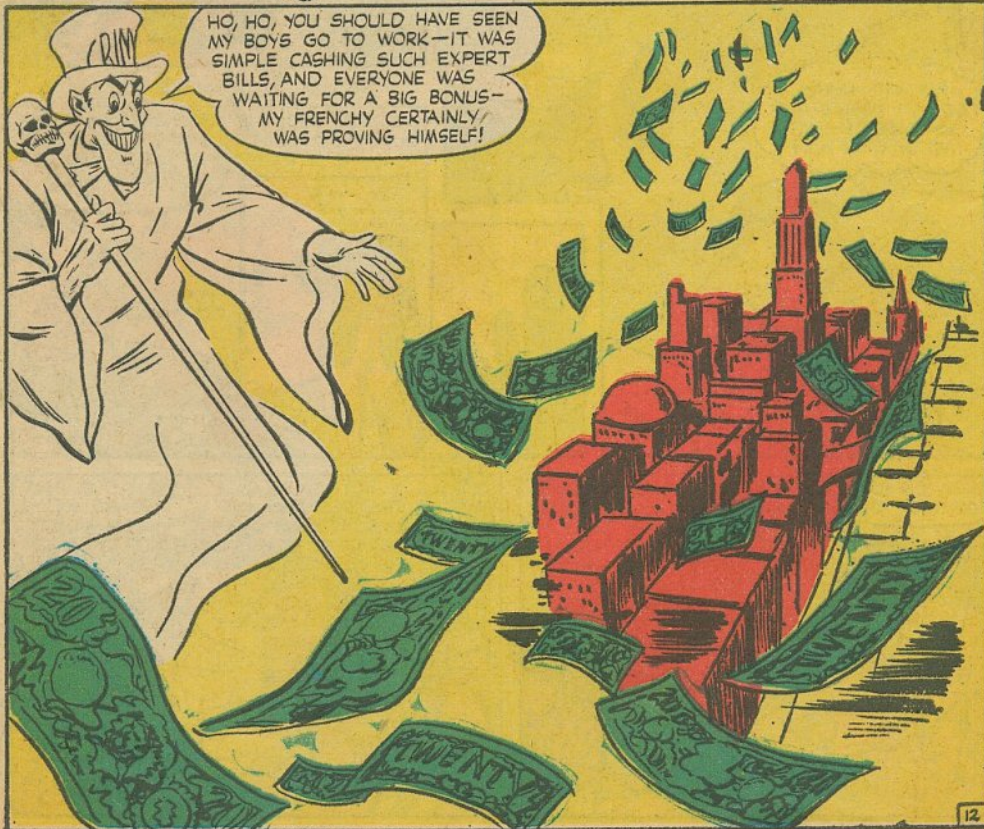
HEY, CHUCK, WILLY, CALL UP THE BOYS! ALL YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON AND MAKE IT FAST!

YOU BET, RED! WHAT'S 'COOKIN'? SOMETHING BIG?

**BIG!**  
NAW, IT'S TREMENDOUS, PAL!



HO, HO, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN MY BOYS GO TO WORK—IT WAS SIMPLE CASHING SUCH EXPERT BILLS, AND EVERYONE WAS WAITING FOR A BIG BONUS—MY FRENCHY CERTAINLY WAS PROVING HIMSELF!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SURE, AND YOU THINK YOU'RE A REAL SMART GUY, DON'T YOU, FRENCHY? WHY YOU'VE ALREADY MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE—THAT'S GOING TO TRIP YOU UP BEFORE LONG!



LOOK, YOU FOOL—YOU'RE PLAYING A LOSING GAME! WHY DON'T YOU... GIVE YOURSELF UP NOW AND SAVE TIME—MAYBE YOU'LL GET OFF WITH A LIGHT SENTENCE!

YEOW—WHAT A RACKET! ANOTHER TWO MONTHS AND I'LL RETIRE AND DITCH THE WHOLE BUSINESS—HO, HO!



"MEANWHILE, THE AUTHORITIES WERE HAVING THEIR PROBLEMS!"

WE'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A SUDDEN DELUGE OF BILLS—IT'S POSITIVE THAT SOME COUNTERFEITING GANG HAS ORGANIZED!

SOMEHOW WE MISS THEM IN EACH CITY! OUR MEN HAVE TROUBLE BECAUSE THE CLERKS CAN'T TELL THE BILLS ARE BAD MOST OF THE TIME!

KEEP AT IT, BOYS! WE'LL GET A BREAK SOON, I HOPE!



THAT BREAK CAME SOONER THAN I HAD PLANNED! FRENCHY WAS A BIT CARELESS!



WELL, IT'S PINKY WHITE—RAIDING DRUG STORES AGAIN!

G'WAN, YOU LUCKY FLATFOOT! YOU JUST HAPPENED TO BE GOING BY!

THE CHIEF WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU LADS!



REMEMBER THAT BIG MISTAKE I SPOKE OF, FRENCHY? WELL, HERE IT IS—TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT HERE TO SEE IT!

CHIEF, PINKY HAD A LETTER ON HIM!



GET SOME MEN TO VENEZUELA! HAVE THEM WATCH THAT POST OFFICE FOR A "SANTI" AT "GENERAL DELIVERY"—THIS MAY BE OUR BREAK!

LISTEN TO THIS—"IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN GOOD TWENTIES AND WANT TO MAKE A KILLING, WRITE ME CARE OF SANTI, GENERAL DELIVERY!" WELL, WELL, WELL—THE SECRET SERVICE IS GOING TO BE INTERESTED IN THIS—VERY MUCH SO!



RIGHT!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

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AH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING! TODAY MY LAST BATCH OF TWENTIES GOES TO RED AND I RETIRE! AH ME, WHAT BRILLIANCE I HAVE! NOW I SHALL SEE IF THERE IS ANY MAIL FOR MR. SANTI FROM MY PAL, RED!



DO YOU HAVE ANY MAIL FOR ME? MY NAME IS SANTI!



AH, JUST ONE MOMENT, SENOR! I'LL SEE—

NO MAIL, THANK YOU!



I THINK I SHALL TAKE A NICE TRIP FOR MYSELF NOW—PERHAPS CANADA!



"FRENCHY" THE COUNTERFEITER, NO LESS!

THIS IS THE MISSING LINK, ALRIGHT! TONIGHT WE'LL BREAK IN AND SEE WHAT HIS CUTE LITTLE APPARTMENT HOLDS!



"THAT WAS ONE NIGHT FRENCHY SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT SPORTING"...

THIS IS IT, ALRIGHT—A SWEET LITTLE COUNTERFEITING PLANT IN A SOUNDPROOF ROOM! NOW WE MUST FIND THE PLATES!



IT'S NO USE! THE RAT HASN'T GOT THE PLATES HERE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNING TO QUIT AND RUN OFF!

WITHOUT THEM HE CAN ONLY BE CONVICTED OF INTENTION TO COUNTERFEIT WHICH WOULDN'T GIVE HIM MUCH OF A SENTENCE! WE'D BETTER REPORT TO THE CHIEF!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SO THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! IF WE ARREST HIM NOW HE CAN HOLD OUT ON THE PLATES, AND GET A LIGHT SENTENCE!

GOOD THINKING, GENTLEMEN, BUT I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOU! BRING HIM IN, MURRAY!

RIGHT!

MEET RED COLLINS—FRENCHY'S GO-BETWEEN FROM MEXICO CITY! WE CAUGHT SOME OF HIS STOOGES PASSING THE BILLS!

THAT CERTAINLY CHANGES THINGS, SIR! WE'LL BRING FRENCHY RIGHT IN!

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PLATES! YOU'RE CRAZY! I DON'T CARE WHAT COLLINS SAYS!

FRENCHY, YOU'RE IN THIS UP TO YOUR EARS—WITH THE EVIDENCE COLLINS GAVE US WE CAN SHIP YOU BACK TO THE STATES WHERE YOUR RECORD WILL SEND YOU UP FOR A LONG STRETCH!

IF YOU GET US THOSE PLATES, WE CAN SENTENCE YOU HERE!

ALL RIGHT—YOU WIN! I'LL SHOW YOU—I HID THEM IN A PARK!

TOO BAD YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO USE THEM AGAIN, FRENCHY!

GOT THEM—NEATLY WRAPPED IN OIL-CLOTH!

I HE BY SENTENCE YOU TO SIXTEEN YEARS IN PRISON!

PFAAA, FRENCHY! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

THAT'S THE LONGEST SENTENCE EVER GIVEN IN THIS DISTRICT FOR YOUR CRIME, LUIS—AND YOU WELL DESERVE IT!

WELL, JOHN, MY BOY, HOW WAS YOUR VISIT TO EARTH? DID YOU MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND?

NO, YOUR HONOR—I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T DO SO WELL THIS TIME, BUT OF COURSE I'M RATHER NEW AT IT YET! I WANT TO KEEP TRYING TO MAKE PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF COMMON SENSE!

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

CH



# THE SAGA OF "HUNGRY JOE"

By DICK WOOD

**J**OE MORRISON, better known as 'Hungry Joe', carefully knotted his smart silk tie and dusted some imaginary lint from his lapel. A slight smile of conceit crossed his features as he eyed his immaculate figure in the mirror. There was no doubt about it—he certainly had class with a capital "C". But then he had to in his business. Separating shrewd businessmen from their rolls of money via the poker table required the tops in charm, poise and appearance. Yes, Joe was quite pleased with himself as he sauntered out of his room at the Hotel Metropole in New York City and made his way to the lobby. He had come a long way in the rackets and just around the corner a bulging bank account assured him of comfort for some time to come no matter what happened. At least that was what 'Hungry Joe' thought this particular morning.

Downstairs at the desk Mr. Charles C. Atkin was speaking with the clerk. "I'm sorry sir," the clerk informed him, "there isn't a ticket left to the boxing matches tonight. They're completely sold out."

As Mr. Atkin nodded a thank you and started to turn away, the slim figure of Joe Morrison suddenly appeared from behind a post.

"Pardon me, Mr. Atkin, but I overheard you speaking to the clerk. It so happens I have two tickets to the fights this evening. My friend is unable to make it and you're welcome to the other ticket if you like."

"Why that's darn decent of you," Atkin replied. "But are you sure your friend won't appear?"

Morrison smiled. "Quite, he phoned me just an hour ago. Incidentally my name is Joe Morrison. Suppose I meet you in the lobby here at eight this evening."

So it was that 'Hungry Joe' with the grace of an artist formed the friendship of Charles Atkin, wealthy western ranch owner. The second step in Joe's plan moved along with oiled perfection. After all it was not unnatural that two men spending time in the city amuse themselves with a bit of poker. And it

just so happened that Joe knew several good friends who also liked to play cards.

"We don't usually play for high stakes," Joe said smiling. "But of course I'm not against a little stiff competition now and then. Sort of adds spice to the game, don't you think?"

Mr. Atkin quite agreed with this point of view and so it was that for several nights 'Hungry Joe' and the rancher smoked big black cigars and played poker far into the morning. At first it was rather a sociable game. No one won a great deal of money and hearty belly laughs made for a friendly atmosphere for one and all. But gradually the faces of the men grew serious and frowns crossed their features as the stakes grew higher and higher. The laughs became few and far between and Mr. Charles Atkin began to realize he was losing some rather important money. Morrison was really putting the pressure on now. His smiles broadened and he gayly assured Atkin that his luck would have to change.

"After all," he said, "no one can lose consistently all the time and you'll probably end up the big winner."

Atkin did not quite agree with this point of view, but nevertheless he kept playing and getting in deeper and deeper. He had been skinned out of almost every dollar he had with him when something happened that was to make a great change in 'Hungry Joe's' life.

Late one evening as he was starting out to attempt to recoup his losses the desk clerk called him aside.

"It's none of my business and I don't wish to be forward," the clerk said, "but I think you should know that your new-found friend is a notorious card-shark known as 'Hungry Joe'."

For a moment a slight tinge of anger crossed Atkin's face. Then slowly he began to smile and his hand slipped a five-dollar bill into the clerk's pocket.

"Thank you a great deal," he said. "Please don't let on to anyone that I am aware of this situation. Perhaps I might have a little fun



with my friend 'Hungry Joe'."

That evening Atkin went to his poker game as usual. And as usual he lost heavily. At the end of the game when his losses had been figured up, he turned to Morrison.

"Well, Joe," he said lightly. "You've taken all my ready cash. I guess we'll have to put it on the books. That is if you don't mind trusting me."

"Why not at all, Atkin, we'll just keep a record of it. Heh, heh, after all you can pay when you like and who knows you may still come out the winner."

'Hungry Joe' was not being big-hearted with Atkin. He had long before checked on the wealthy ranch owner and found his credit to be perfect. Mr. Charles Atkin had a golden reputation and was not the type of man to welch on any deal. In fact Joe preferred to have Atkin's debts kept on the books. When the actual cash was not going over the line Morrison found it much easier to bet more and more. Why he could run the rancher up into some real big money with the tricks he and his pals used.

For another whole week the framed poker games continued. Atkin played desperately allowing himself to watch the moves of the other players carefully. It was a neat racket the crooks had. They would allow Atkin to win just enough to keep him playing. But every time a large pot of cash was on the table one of the others took it in. He couldn't discover just how they worked the trickery but then he was no sleuth or card-shark. He also noticed that Morrison won more than the others. He was the big winner but Atkin with a contented smile waited for the time when 'Hungry Joe' would find himself behind the eight ball a big loser.

Finally one evening at the game's end Atkin laid down his cards.

"Well," he said to Morrison, "I guess this will be my last game. Tomorrow I have to leave on business. You chaps are really good poker players but I didn't think I'd ever lose as much as I did."

"That's the way it goes, Atkin. Heh, Heh, sometimes you make it and sometimes you don't. We'll go back to the hotel and settle up in my room."

At the hotel Atkin frowned deeply. "You know Morrison," he said, "I don't have much available cash about, but it would be nice if

we could work out something concerning my debt."

This was the opportunity 'Hungry Joe' had been waiting for. He bent over and slapped a hand on Atkin's knee.

"Tell you what, Atkin, I've always wanted to go out west and get myself a ranch. Suppose I give you fourteen thousand dollars and you sign your ranch over to me. Together with your poker losses fourteen grand is a pretty good price for that ranch."

It wasn't a good price for the Atkin ranch and Atkin well knew it. However, he thought for a moment and finally shrugged his shoulders.

"You're a hard businessman Morrison, but I'll accept that deal. Go get your money before I change my mind."

'Hungry Joe' lost no time in getting to his bank. What a sweet deal he had put over. Why Atkin's ranch was worth a great deal more than he was paying. Now he could take a vacation and turn the ranch into a paying proposition. Yes sir, things were going sweet and smooth for 'Hungry Joe' and all on account of a little pack of cards.

Several weeks later 'Hungry Joe' Morrison was all prepared to go west and settle down on his ranch when he heard that Atkin was in town again. He lost no time rushing to his hotel preparing to ask him a few more questions about the property. When he reached Charles C. Atkin's room a total stranger faced him.

"Why you're not Atkin," Morrison exclaimed. "I'm a very good friend of his. He left the Metropole Hotel a few weeks ago. I bought his ranch!"

Mr. Atkin gazed at Morrison with a puzzled look for a moment. Then a ray of understanding lit up his features.

"Why of course," he said, "One of my cowhands was using my room there a few weeks ago. I remember now. He did tell me about putting something over on a card-shark that tried to cheat him."

'Hungry Joe' didn't say a word. He just rocked back on his heels and gazed dazedly at the man before him.

Who would believe a cowhand from the country would put one over on a slim immaculate city slicker.

As for the cowhand, Harry Berns, he's still laughing like anything!



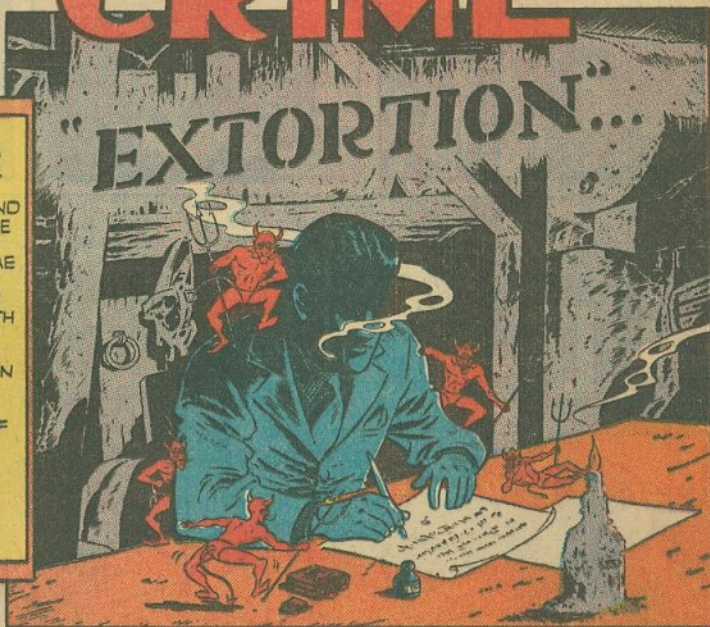
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# The MEANEST CRIME

DRAWN BY  
NORMAN  
MAURER

The MEANEST CRIME IS INDEED EXTORTION FOR IT IS A RACKET THAT PREYS ON THE MIND AND OFTEN LEAVES NO CLUE FOR THE POLICE TO WORK ON. IT IS A CRIME THAT ALL CRIMINALS SMART OR DUMB, RICH OR POOR CAN VIE WITH EACH OTHER EQUALLY IN—ONE NEEDS NO SPECIAL ABILITY TO PEN A NOTE OF HATE...

THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED SUCH A LOW RACKET, BUT FOR A PURPOSE YOU WOULD NEVER DREAM OF...





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MR. MEYER, WE HAVE BEEN WORKING OVER THIS SITUATION CAREFULLY AND HAVE FINALLY DECIDED ON A PLAN! THE EXTORTION NOTE YOU RECEIVED DEMANDED FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO BE THROWN OUT OF YOUR CAR AT A CERTAIN POINT! WE WANT YOU TO MAKE A BUNDLE OF NEWSPAPERS UP RESEMBLING MONEY AND DO JUST THAT! OUR MEN WILL BE ALL AROUND THE LOCATION!

A...ALRIGHT, IT...IT ISN'T THAT I'M AFRAID...BUT IF THEY EVER HURT MY CHILDREN...

GOOD EVENING, MR. MEYER! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!

GOOD! DO YOU WANT TO COME INSIDE A MOMENT?

HELLO, DEAR! I... OH, THERE'S THE PHONE!



HELLO...

MEYER, WE KNOW YOU WENT TO THE FBI TODAY! WE'RE JUST WARNING YA! DON'T DOUBLE-CROSS US OR YOUR KIDS GET IT!



IT...IT WAS THEM! THEY KNOW I'VE SEEN THE FBI—AND I WAS SO CAREFUL! I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW! THE FBI WANTED ME TO THROW A FAKE BUNDLE OUT! THEY SAID THEY WOULD HAVE THE SPOT COVERED!

YOU'D BETTER DO AS THEY SAY, DEAR! THEY KNOW BEST!



SURE, MR. MEYER! THEY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THOSE KIND OF GUYS!

YES, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! HAVE RALPH GET THE CAR OUT, PLEASE!



WHY DO PEOPLE HAVE TO BE SO BRUTAL! I'D GLADLY GIVE THE MONEY IF I THOUGHT I'D NEVER BE BOTHERED AGAIN, BUT THAT WOULD JUST START EVERY EXTORTIONIST IN TOWN AFTER ME! THANK HEAVENS I'VE GOT ANOTHER GUARD COMING TOMORROW! I'LL FEEL BETTER WITH TWO!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

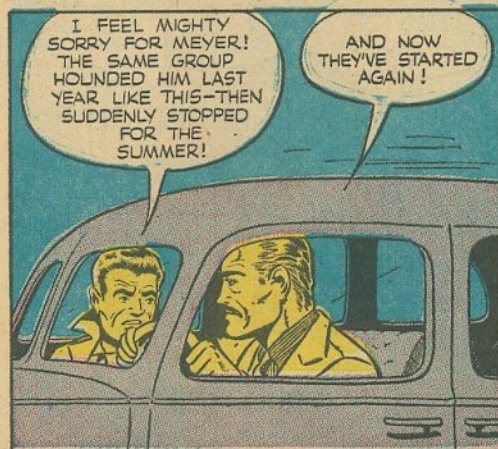


THIS  
IS THE  
SPOT!



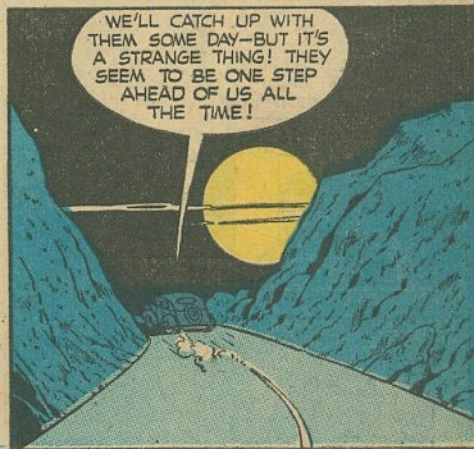
WE'VE BEEN WAITING  
THREE HOURS NOW!

MIGHT AS WELL  
CALL IT A NIGHT!  
THEY WOULDN'T LEAVE  
THE MONEY ON THE  
ROAD THIS LONG  
IF THEY WERE  
COMING!



I FEEL MIGHTY  
SORRY FOR MEYER!  
THE SAME GROUP  
HOUNDED HIM LAST  
YEAR LIKE THIS—THEN  
SUDDENLY STOPPED  
FOR THE  
SUMMER!

AND NOW  
THEY'VE STARTED  
AGAIN!



WE'LL CATCH UP WITH  
THEM SOME DAY—BUT IT'S  
A STRANGE THING! THEY  
SEEM TO BE ONE STEP  
AHEAD OF US ALL  
THE TIME!



NEXT MORNING...

HELLO,  
MR. MEYER!

OH, JOHN  
MORMAN!  
COME IN!  
COME IN!



WELL, AS YOU GUESSED,  
THE THREATENING NOTES  
HAVE STARTED AGAIN—  
JUST LIKE LAST  
YEAR! YOUR  
SERVICES WILL  
BE GREATLY  
NEEDED!

SORRY  
TO HEAR  
THAT,  
SIR!



LAST NIGHT THE FBI SET  
A TRAP FOR THEM AT  
THE SPOT I WAS  
SUPPOSED TO  
DROP THE  
MONEY AT,  
BUT IT FELL  
THROUGH!

YOU CAN  
BE SURE  
THAT I'LL KEEP  
EXCELLENT  
WATCH OVER  
THE  
CHILDREN!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL DAYS PASSED, THEN ANOTHER NOTE CAME.

WILLIAM! I...IT'S ANOTHER OF THOSE LETTERS—THE SAME HANDWRITING!

WH...WHAT!

(Page one)  
We're wise that you had the FBI make a trap for us. Messes that why we didn't show up. Now we're gonna give you one more chance. This is what you do (over)

THEY WANT ME TO GO TO PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA TO PICK UP A LETTER THERE AT THE POST OFFICE WITH FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS—THE ROTTEN FIENDS! I'LL HAVE TO SEE THE FBI AGAIN! WHAT TIME DOES NORMAN GET HERE?

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, DEAR! MR. NORMAN'S DUE ANY MOMENT!

LATER

DON'T TELL ME! I CAN SEE BY YOUR FACES YOU'VE RECEIVED ANOTHER LETTER!

YES, AND I'VE ALSO SEEN THE FBI! THE THUGS WANT ME TO PICK UP A LETTER IN NORTH CAROLINA! I'M GETTING ON THE TRAIN BUT IT WILL MAKE A SPECIAL STOP AND LET ME OFF! THE FBI WILL WATCH THE POST OFFICE!

DADDY, NURSE SAYS WE CAN'T GO OUT AND PLAY! WHY?

I WANT TO GO OUT, DADDY!

LISTEN, CHILDREN... THERE'S A REASON WHY... I MEAN...

YOUR FATHER'S VERY BUSY, CHILDREN! NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND GIRL AND STAY UPSTAIRS! YOU CAN GO OUT LATER! WITH MR. NORMAN!

SURE! WE'LL TAKE A NICE, LONG WALK TOGETHER IN JUST A LITTLE WHILE!

ALL RIGHT, MR. NORMAN!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WELL, DEAR I'D BETTER GET STARTED FOR THE TRAIN! I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS! MORMAN WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU! DON'T WORRY!

DON'T YOU, MY DARLING! THOSE MONSTERS WILL BE CAUGHT SOON—I'M SURE!



MEYER WENT STRAIGHT TO THE TRAIN THAT NIGHT—IF THE EXTORTIONISTS HAD BEEN WATCHING, THEY WOULD KNOW HE OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER.

EVERYTHING'S ALL PREPARED, MR. MEYER!

THANK YOU!



WE'RE TO MAKE A QUICK STOP TWELVE MILES OUT TONIGHT—WONDER WHY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT ONE OF THE BOYS TOLD ME IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FBI!



THE TRAIN WILL STOP IN TWO MINUTES, MR. MEYER!

THANK YOU!



THEY SAID TO BE CASUAL AS IF I WAS GOING TO THE DINER!



GOOD LUCK!

THANKS FOR THE COOPERATION!



WILLIAM MEYER DID NOT SLEEP WELL THAT NIGHT, BUT HE LITTLE REALIZED HOW DEADLY THE PLOT AGAINST HIM WAS!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T HURT MY CHILDREN! STOP THEM! STOP THEM!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL DAYS LATER ANOTHER LETTER CAME—A LETTER THAT WAS TO DISCOURAGE EVEN THE AUTHORITIES.

THEY KNOW! THEY KNEW THAT I DIDN'T GO ALL THE WAY TO NORTH CAROLINA—WHAT IN HEAVENS AM I TO DO?

PLEASE, MR. MEYER, REMAIN CALM!

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

MR. MEYER, I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE BUT YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE BEING HOUNDED BY THESE FIEND JOSEPH PEW, PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT BENEFACTOR, AND GERALD NUGENT HAVE BOTH RECEIVED LIKE BOTH LETTERS!

I KNOW HOW DISTRAUGHT YOU ARE, BUT BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY WE ARE LEAVING NO STONE UNTURNED IN THESE CASES! WE WILL FIND OUT WHO IS BEHIND THIS, MR. MEYER!

I KNOW... I KNOW...

WE'VE GOT TO LICK THIS CASE! WE'VE GOT TO—NO MAN SHOULD SUFFER LIKE THAT... COLLINS!

COLLINS, I WANT EVERY EXTORTION NOTE THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN TO MEYER, PEW AND NUGENT! I'M GOING OVER THEM WORD FOR WORD!

THE FBI IS A MOST DANGEROUS ORGANIZATION FOR CRIMINALS TO COPE WITH! EACH LETTER WAS GONE OVER A HUNDRED TIMES, ODDITIES IN SPELLING WERE NOTED—THE CURVE OF EACH LETTER WAS CONSIDERED!

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—THESE LETTERS EACH CAME FROM THE SAME MAN—AND THIS MUST BE AN INSIDE JOB! THE INFORMATION OUR ENEMY HAS SHOWN PROVES THAT!

WE HAVE ALREADY INVESTIGATED EACH INDIVIDUAL CONNECTED WITH THESE THREE MEN—GO OVER THEM AGAIN! PAY SPECIAL ATTENTION TO HOUSE SERVANTS GONE DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS! EVEN THE DETECTIVES—GET THEIR HANDWRITING!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THUS DID THE POWERFUL MACHINERY OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU SWING INTO ACTION. NO DETAIL WAS IGNORED AND SOON THE SURPRISE CAME.



CHIEF, I'VE FOUND SOMETHING! IT'S FANTASTIC—BUT IT MAKES SENSE IN STATISTICS!

THAT'S WHAT WE WANT! WHAT IS IT?

LOOK AT THESE HANDWRITINGS! THEY COMPARE PERFECTLY! EACH HAS MISPELLINGS OF THE SAME WORDS—AND THE MAN WHO WROTE THIS LETTER IS AWAY EACH SUMMER! HE TEACHES SWIMMING...



GREAT GHOSTS—NO WONDER WE WERE PUZZLED!



LATER

HELLO, MEYER, I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, BUT FIRST I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOUR GUARD, MORMAN! I THINK IT'S ADVISABLE THAT HE KNOWS OF IT—WILL YOU SEND HIM TO MY OFFICE!



YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, SIR!

YES, MORMAN, I DID...QUITE DEFINITELY!



AS A MATTER OF FACT I'M EXTREMELY CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHAT A RAT LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF!

SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA!



MORMAN, LAST NIGHT WE TOLD MEYER A FAKE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN WE SUPPOSEDLY TRIED TO TRAP THE WRITER OF THESE EXTORTION NOTES! TODAY, HE TOLD US A TELEPHONE CALL WARNED HIM THE EXTORTIONISTS KNEW! IT DIDN'T HAPPEN, MORMAN—AND YOU AND MEYER WERE THE ONLY ONES THAT THOUGHT IT DID!

YOU'RE MAD!



REALLY—AND BESIDES THAT YOUR HANDWRITING COMPARES PERFECTLY WITH THAT OF THE NOTES—AND WHEN THEY STOP IN THE SUMMER YOU ARE AWAY TEACHING SWIMMING—ARE YOU NOT!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I...I DID DO IT!



I WANTED TO KEEP MY JOB AS GUARD TO MEYER AND OTHERS! THAT'S WHY I WROTE THE NOTES! THEY WOULDN'T FIRE ME WHEN THEY WERE BEING THREATENED! I...I GUESS I'M JUST NO GOOD!

MORMAN, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN—YOU'VE COMMITTED THE MEANEST CRIME!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

## The MONSTER of CRIME

WHO WAS THE MONSTROUS KILLER WHO MURDERED SEVEN INNOCENT PEOPLE?... A FIEND OF A SLAYER THAT LONDON HAD NIGHTMARES ABOUT?... WHAT WAS HIS BRUTAL PURPOSE IN KILLING THEM? READ AND LEARN OF THE MAD CAREER OF THE MONSTER OF LONDON!

A TRUE STORY!



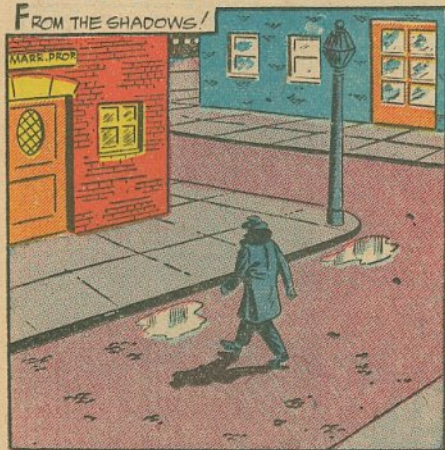
LONG AGO, ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 7, 1811, IN LONDON...





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

FROM THE SHADOWS!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



FIVE MINUTES LATER!



TEN MINUTES LATER, THE DOOR BROKEN DOWN — A SIGHT OF HORROR!!!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL DAYS LATER!

THE CROWN IS OFFERING 500 POUNDS FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE MARR'S MURDERER! —THAT'S LITTLE ENOUGH TO CATCH SUCH A FIEND!

INDEED IT IS! THE KILLER IS NOT HUMAN! HE HAS NO HEART AT ALL IF HE COULD BRAIN A SLEEPING CHILD IN ITS CRADLE!



AND IT HAPPENED ONLY TWO MINUTES FROM HERE TOO! —WHY THAT IS LIKE HAVING THE MURDERS RIGHT IN OUR OWN HOUSE!

DON'T TALK THAT WAY, DEAR! IT SENDS SHIVERS DOWN MY SPINE!



YEDOWN!!! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

WHAT IS IT, BESSIE?!



AIEE!! THE MARR MURDERER! WHAT CAN WE DO? WE'RE DOOMED!



HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! I CAN'T HOLD HIM!

M-MARTIN! YEDOW! S-SAVE ME, MARTIN, SAVE ME!!!



MURDERER! KILL US, W-WILL Y-YOU?...I....

HEH, HEH!



OWWWW!!

DID YOU THINK TO MATCH MY STRENGTH?





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS!



BANG!  
BANG!

I'M READY, BILL!

AS SOON AS I'M OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, SIT DOWN AROUND MY SHOULDERS AND HOLD TIGHT!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"BY THE TIME BILL AND ALICE COULD AROUSE A CROWD, THE FIEND HAD AGAIN ESCAPED! -BUT AGAIN HE HAD CARELESSLY LEFT HIS MURDER WEAPON BEHIND BEARING THE INITIALS 'J.R.'!"





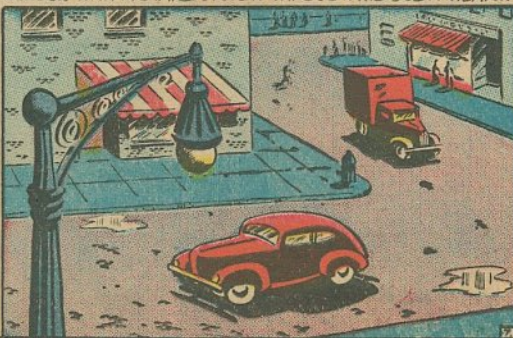
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WILLIAMS WAS GIVEN NO ORDINARY BURIAL! THE ANGRY PEOPLE INSISTED THAT HE BE BURIED ON THE STREETS. HE TERRORIZED AND THAT A STAKE BE DRIVEN THROUGH HIS INHUMAN HEART! **THIS WAS DONE!!**



SO JOHN WILLIAMS DIED A VAMPIRE'S DEATH BECAUSE OF HIS LUST FOR KILLING AND PETTY ROBBERY! TODAY, 134 YEARS LATER, LITTLE DO THE MODERN DWELLERS OF LONDON REALIZE THAT BENEATH THE COBBLESTONES LIE THE REMAINS OF JOHN WILLIAMS, THE MONSTER OF LONDON WITH A STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH HIS DUSTY HEART!





CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# "The Slippery MR. SMITH"

A  
TRUE  
STORY

HOLD IT! HOLD IT!  
LET ME THROUGH--I'VE  
GOT TO MAKE WAY  
FOR **BETTE DAVIS!**

WHO IS  
IT?

**BETTE  
DAVIS?**

WHERE  
IS SHE?

I AM  
**J. WELLINGTON SMITH**  
WARNER BROTHERS---JUST GOT  
IN FROM THE COAST--AS ADVANCE  
PUBLICITY MAN I WANT A SUITE  
FOR **BETTE DAVIS**, **JOHN GARFIELD**--  
AND OTHER STARS WHO WILL BE  
ALONG SHORTLY--YOU HAVE  
SOME OF COURSE!

WELL  
I---THAT  
IS---

WHY OF COURSE  
WE DO MR. SMITH  
--HEH--HEH--FORTU-  
NATELY WE HAVE JUST  
HAD ONE VACATED!

YES OF  
COURSE, MY GOOD  
MAN --- I SEE YOU  
REALIZE WHAT PUBLICITY  
OUR BEING HERE  
WILL MEAN FOR  
YOUR HOTEL!





A cartoon illustration by Phil Wit depicting a scene in a hotel lobby. A man in a red suit (Mr. Smith) is introducing a woman in a black dress (Bette Davis) to a young boy in a white shirt and tie (his son). The boy is holding a small object, possibly a cigarette or a piece of candy. In the background, there are other people, including a man in a tuxedo and a woman in a red dress. The setting is a grand hotel lobby with ornate architecture, including a large mirror and a chandelier.

**SPEECH BUBBLES:**

- WHO IS IT? THE PRESIDENT?
- MAYBE HE'S GOT A CARTON OF CIGARETTES!
- AH-- MR. SMITH-- BETTE DAVIS IS MY FAVORITE STAR--- WHEN DO YOU EXPECT HER?
- SOON-- MY GOOD MAN-- I SHALL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER PERSONALLY--- -- KEEP IT SON--
- WE'RE PLANNING A PICTURE CALLED-- "CAPITOL CAPERS"-- PERHAPS WE SHALL INCLUDE YOUR HOTEL IN IT-- WHILE I'M GONE HAVE SEVERAL CASES OF CHAMPAGNE BROUGHT UP TO THE SUITE--- HAVE TO KEEP THESE STARS HAPPY YOU KNOW!
- YES-- YES-OF COURSE, MR. SMITH

**CAPTIONS:**

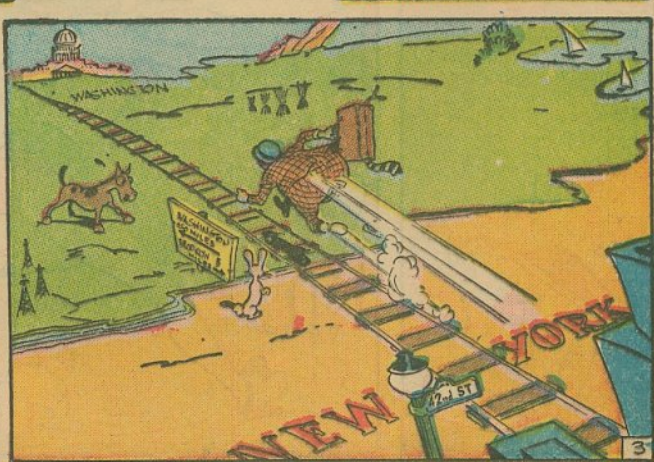
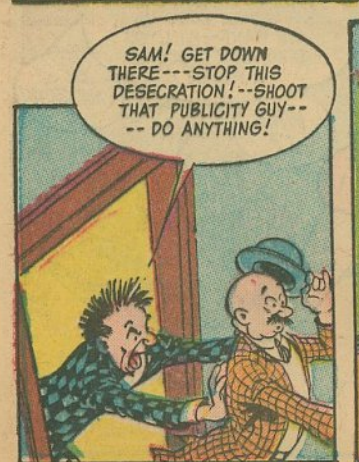
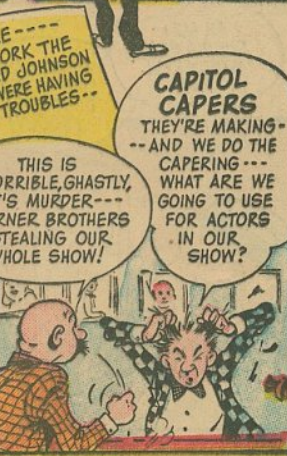
- "THE PRESIDENT"
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- "YES-- YES-OF COURSE, MR. SMITH"

**SIGNATURE:** WIT

WIL  
I?



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





**YOO HOO--** GIRLS!  
I HAVE A SURPRISE  
FOR YOU-- BETTE DAVIS  
HAS ARRIVED--ALSO  
JOHN GARFIELD--

**WHEEE!**  
WHEN DO  
WE SEE  
THEM?

WHERE  
ARE THEY?

--I JUST SNEAKED  
HER INTO HER ROOM  
--SHE'S INCOGNITO, OF  
COURSE--WE'LL HAVE  
TO CELEBRATE THIS--  
--- A DINNER  
DOWNSTAIRS--

I CAN  
HARDLY  
WAIT

I JUST  
HEARD THE  
NEWS--WHEN  
CAN I SEE MISS  
DAVIS?

TUT-TUT--  
CONTROL  
YOURSELF,  
COLLINS--SHE'LL  
BE DOWN SHORTLY  
--TRAVELLING IS  
TIRE SOME YOU KNOW  
--AND SHE NEEDS A  
BIT OF A CHANGE--  
WHICH REMINDS ME--  
I WANT ANOTHER  
CHECK CASHED--

DEAR GUESTS--

-- AND THEN  
AFTER WE GOT GLARK  
GABLE WELL ON HIS WAY  
TO FAME I WENT TO  
WORK ON SONJA---  
-- PAT O'BRIEN!

**WHEEE!**  
WHEN DO  
WE SEE  
THEM?

WHERE  
ARE THEY?

- I JUST SNEAKED  
HER INTO HER ROOM  
-- SHE'S INCOGNITO, OF  
COURSE -- WE'LL HAVE  
TO CELEBRATE THIS -  
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TUT-TUT--  
CONTROL  
YOURSELF,  
COLLINS--SHELL  
BE DOWN SHORTLY  
--TRAVELLING IS  
TIRESOME YOU KNOW  
--AND SHE NEEDS A  
BIT OF A CHANGE--  
WHICH REMINDS ME-  
I WANT ANOTHER  
CHECK CASHED--

DEAR GUESTS--  
I'VE JUST REMEMBERED  
SOME URGENT BUSINESS--  
I SHALL TAKE CARE OF IT AND  
BRING BETTE DAVIS BACK  
WITH ME--- GOODBYE  
FOR NOW MY LITTLE  
DARLINGS---

THE CASH FOR YOUR  
CHECK SIR-- THERE'S AN  
AGENT FOR OLSEN AND  
JOHNSON OUTSIDE TO  
SEE YOU--

ULP

DON'T BE  
LONG--

THE RAILROAD STATION!

HUH-- Y-YES SIR

4

HUH--  
Y-YES SIR

IN CHICAGO---MONTHS  
LATER--POLICE PICKED  
UP THE GENEROUS MR.  
SMITH AND PROMPTLY  
PLOPPED HIM IN JAIL!

TOO BAD--  
I WAS HAVING  
SUCH A PLEASANT  
TIME---

*As for the others--*

**A FAKE!**  
RUBBER CHECKS-  
OW-W-W!

OF COURSE SOME FOLKS ARE  
STILL WAITING FOR "CAPITOL CAPERS"  
TO APPEAR--

**THE END**



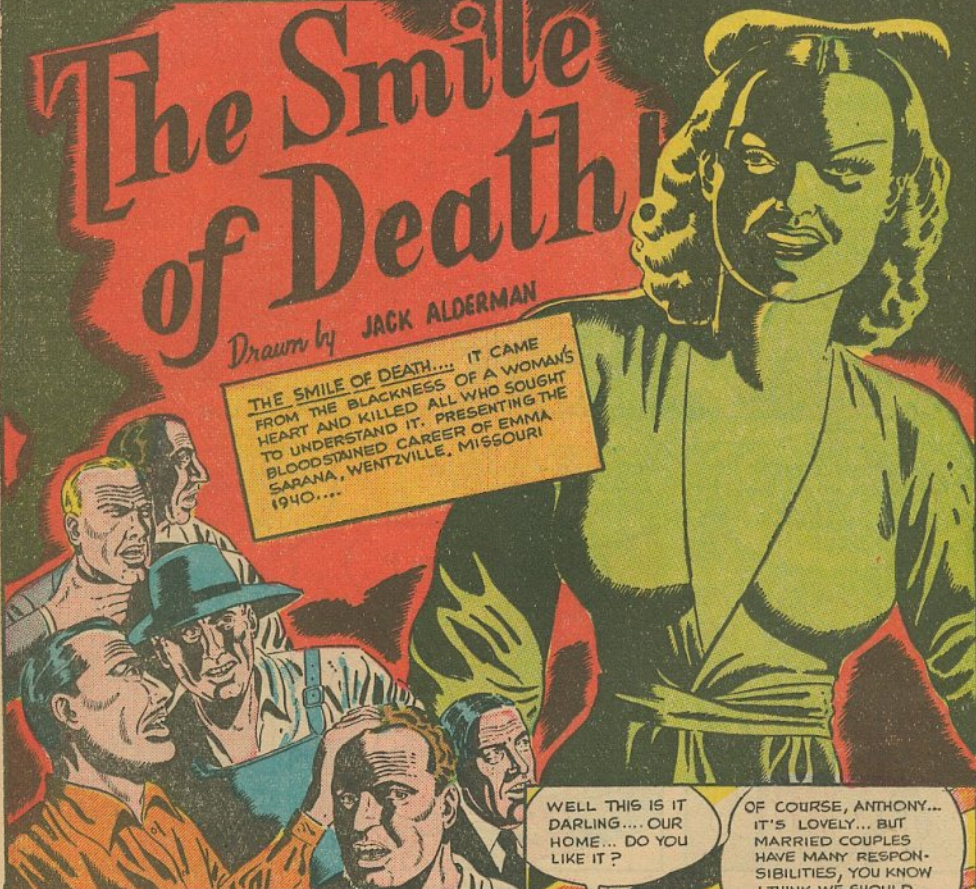
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**

**THIS IS A TRUE STORY THAT PROVES CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

# The Smile of Death!

Drawn by JACK ALDERMAN

THE SMILE OF DEATH.... IT CAME FROM THE BLACKNESS OF A WOMAN'S HEART AND KILLED ALL WHO SOUGHT TO UNDERSTAND IT. PRESENTING THE BLOODSTAINED CAREER OF EMMA SARANA, WENTZVILLE, MISSOURI 1940....



HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? ANTHONY HEPPERMAN IS GOING TO GET MARRIED! HE'S FOUND HIMSELF A FINE WOMAN THEY SAY... SOMEONE FROM OUT OF TOWN I BELIEVE!

GOOD! HE'S A HARD WORKING FARMER AND HE'LL MAKE SOMEBODY A GOOD HUSBAND!

WELL THIS IS IT DARLING.... OUR HOME... DO YOU LIKE IT?

OF COURSE, ANTHONY... IT'S LOVELY... BUT MARRIED COUPLES HAVE MANY RESPONSIBILITIES, YOU KNOW I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A LONG TALK RIGHT AWAY...



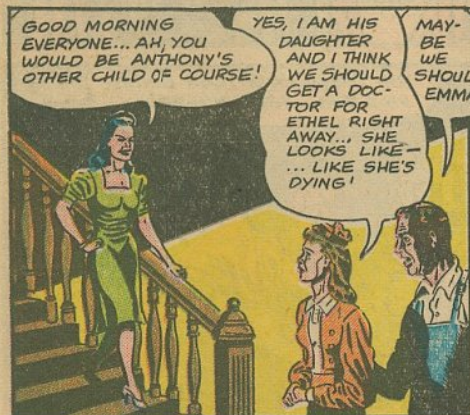


# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AT THE POLICE STATION....

MEN, THIS HEPPERMAN CASE HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF ATTEMPTED MURDER! ROGERS I WANT YOU TO CHECK UP ON MRS. HEPPERMAN'S PAST. FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN... KENT, YOU GO OUT TO THE FARM... SHE'S A SCREWBALL, BUT SEE WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY AND LOOK THE PLACE OVER!

RIGHT! SHE'S DIPPY ALRIGHT.

THE DETECTIVE REACHES THE HEPPERMAN FARM...

AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW... IT ISN'T MY FAULT THAT THEY GOT SICK! AND THAT I DON'T TRUST DOCTORS... NEVER DID!

I SEE... WELL MRS. HEPPERMAN, YOUR DAUGHTER LOOKS LIKE SHE'LL PULL THROUGH BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH CHANCE FOR YOUR HUSBAND. MIND IF I LOOK AROUND?

SEARCH ALL YOU LIKE... YOU'LL NOT FIND ANY MURDERERS HIDDEN HERE! IT'S ALL AN ACCIDENT!

THANKS! THANKS A LOT!

AT THIS MOMENT AT HEADQUARTERS....

WHAT'S THAT.... SAY THAT AGAIN, ROGERS!

EMMA SARANA HAS BEEN MARRIED FIVE OR MORE TIMES BEFORE... ALL HER HUSBANDS DIED EXCEPT ONE.. AND GET THIS CHIEF... THEY DIED OF HEART ATTACKS... ACUTE INDIGESTION AND OTHER STOMACH CAUSES, SO SAY THE DEATH CERTIFICATES!

WELL, ARSENIC!

SO WHAT... I SUPPOSE IT'S HERE FOR RATS IN THE BARN OR SOMETHING... ALL FARMS HAVE POISON ABOUT, YOU KNOW!

ROGERS, I'M GETTING AN ORDER OUT FOR YOU TO HAVE THOSE BODIES EXHUMED... WE'LL SEE WHAT REALLY KILLED THEM... LET ME KNOW AT ONCE!

RIGHT BOSS!

ARSENIC EH?... WELL UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT'S WHAT HER OTHER BOY FRIENDS DIED FROM! WE'RE GOING TO THE HOSPITAL!

SHE'S A NASTY OLD BIDDY ALRIGHT CHIEF!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



MR. HEPPERMAN, TRY TO SPEAK QUICKLY! YOU HAVEN'T LONG TO LIVE... HAVE YOU ARSENIC AROUND THE FARM? HOW MUCH DID YOU USE?

I... I HAVE SOME POISON THERE... BUT I HAVEN'T USED ANY OF IT AT ALL



SIR... WE'VE ALMOST POSITIVE PROOF YOUR NEW WIFE POISONED YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER... YOU HAVEN'T LONG... WILL YOU SIGN THIS COMPLAINT AGAINST HER... IT WILL HELP IN COURT!

GREAT HEAVENS... TO THINK THAT SHE ... I'LL SIGN... IT MUST HAVE BEEN HER... SHE'S EVIL!



HE'S GONE!

DEAD... AND JUST AFTER HE SIGNED X. THAT FEMALE 'DEVIL'!



KENT AND THE CHIEF RETURN TO THE OFFICE ...

ROGERS!

RIGHT CHIEF... AND YOU HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD... EVERYONE OF THE HUSBANDS HAD BEEN POISONED... THE AUTHORITIES IN CHARGE OF THE CASES WERE HORRIFIED!

DETECTIVE



AND SO AM I... TAKE SOME MEN... GO OVER AND DRAG THAT WOMAN BACK...

THAT WILL BE A PLEASURE!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME... YOU HAVE NO PROOF OF ANYTHING. YOU'RE TRYING TO FRAME ME

LADY, I'VE SEEN SOME PRETTY ROTTEN CHARACTERS IN MY DAY, BUT YOU TAKE THE CAKE... YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF THE PUBLIC DOESN'T BUST IN HERE AND THRASH YOU!

YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOUR LATEST HUSBAND IS DEAD!



THE PUBLIC WAS INCENSED AT THIS RUTHLESS CAMPAIGN OF MURDER... THEY STORMED THE COURT ROOM TO HEAR...

... AND THEREFORE, EMMA SARANA, YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

BEAST!

Jack Alderman



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# WHO DUNNIT?

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE *Murderer*





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WELL, SOMEBODY KILLED OLD AMBROSE WHITMAN! HE HIRED ME TO PROTECT HIM AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHO!

OF COURSE HE WAS A GRADE-A LOUSE—BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. ONE DAY HE CAME TO MY OFFICE...

IT'S GOING TO BE A COSTUME PARTY! YOU PROBABLY KNOW MY ISLAND IS MADE OVER LIKE IN THE DAYS OF PIRACY! I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO SEE THAT MY GUESTS DON'T KILL ME!

FOR A HUNDRED BUCKS I'D EVEN WORK FOR YOU!



HEH! HEH! NOW I'LL WRITE THE INVITATIONS! THEY'LL COME ALL RIGHT!

THAT OLD CUT-THROAT! IF I DIDN'T RUN HIS BUSINESS, I'D TELL HIM TO GO TO THE DEVIL—BUT HE'D FIRE ME! I'VE GOT TO GO!



I KNOW, DEAR, BUT HE'S MY BROTHER! HE PROMISED YOU A BIG CONTRACT IN INSURANCE!

SO MY DEAR STINKING BROTHER IS GIVING A PARTY! HE'S GOT MILLIONS AND I WORK LIKE A DOG FOR A LIVING! OH, WELL, HE'LL DIE SOME DAY! BONNIE AND I WILL SHARE IT!

THAT STINKER! I HATE 'IM—EVEN IF HE IS MY UNCLE! BUT I'LL GO FOR THE LAUGHS! MEET AT THE DOCK! I SUPPOSE ONE OF HIS PIRATE BOATS WILL TAKE US OVER!



BARNES



MR. ENWRIGHT

DEAR MR. AND MRS. ENWRIGHT, PLEASE BE THERE! WHY THAT OLD MONEY-BAG—



MRS. ENWRIGHT



ROYCE



BILLY



AT EIGHT O'CLOCK... ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE GET ABOARD!

WHERE'S EVERYONE ELSE—AND DON'T TELL ME WE'RE ALL BE INVITED TO THIS SHINDIG!



NO, SIR! THE OTHERS ARE COMING LATER! I HAVE TO MAKE SEVERAL TRIPS IN THIS BOAT!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





NOW JUST MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE UNTIL THE OTHERS GET HERE!

HOLY COW! LOOK AT THAT GUN WILL YA!

HOLY COW!  
LOOK AT THAT  
GUN WILL  
YA!

OH,  
YES, I'VE  
SEEN  
IT!

AND WHOEVER FINDS IT CAN  
KEEP IT! NOW GO OUTSIDE  
UNTIL YOU'RE CALLED!  
HEH, HEH!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE OLD FOOL! WHAT KIND OF TRICK IS THIS?

DON'T BE LIKE THAT!

GREAT THUNDER—TEN GRAND!

WOW—IF I FIND IT, I'M IN!



OUT OF MY WAY! STEP ASIDE! I'M FIRST!



REMEMBER, IT CAN BE ANYWHERE IN THE HOUSE! HEH, HEH—DON'T MISS A SPOT! YOU HAVE HALF AN HOUR! AND I'LL GUARANTEE YOU IT'S WITHIN REACH! I'LL STRIKE A GONG WHEN THE TIME IS UP! HEH! HEH!



LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT! CAPTAIN KID ON THE PROWL!

THAT SILLY KID! LET'S TRY THE REFRIGERATOR!



HAVING FUN PLAYING HOUSE, BARNES? WHAT AN ASS TEN THOUSAND CAN MAKE OUT OF A MAN!

OH, QUIET! I'D BE MORE THAN THAT FOR MONEY!

TIME'S UP! TSK, TSK! DID ANYONE FIND THE MONEY?

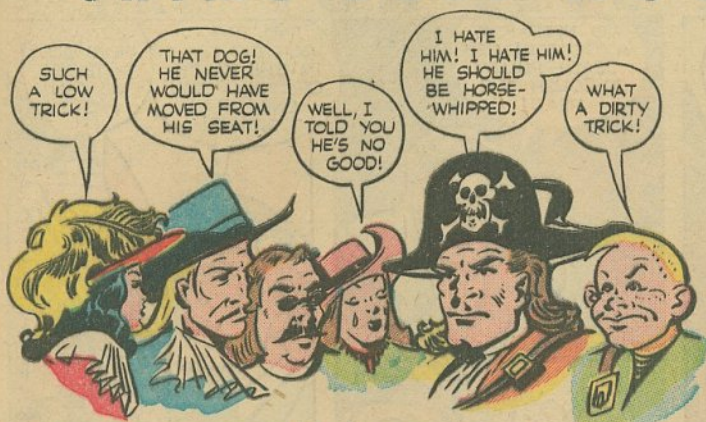


NOW THAT'S TOO BAD! YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS—SEE—IT WAS RIGHT HERE ALL THE TIME! HEH, HEH, HEH!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YES, YOU WERE OUTSIDE, BUT YOU COULD HAVE RUN THERE FAST! YOU WOULD HAVE RUN THE BUSINESS WITH WHITMAN OUT OF THE WAY, BARNES!

WHY YOU LIAR! COME TO THINK OF IT, WHERE WERE YOU? I DIDN'T SEE YOU OUTSIDE!



YES, YOU MUST HAVE DONE IT! YOU'VE PROBABLY GOT THE GOLD PIECES—YOU'RE THE ONE! WHERE WERE YOU?

A VERY DRAMATIC SCENE—BUT SUCH TALK IS RIDICULOUS!



FOR I KNOW WHO KILLED AMBROSE!

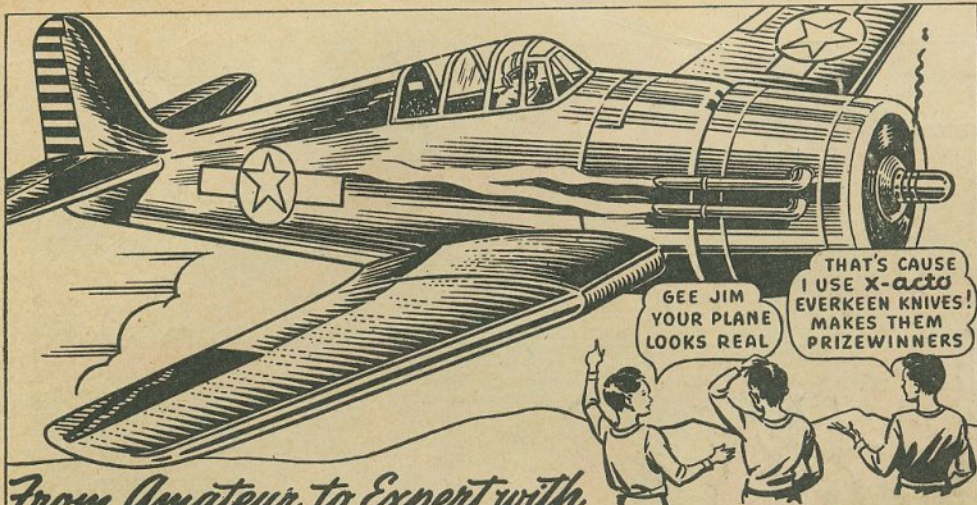


WHO KILLED AMBROSE WHITMAN—AND HOW DOES DETECTIVE ROGAN KNOW, OR IS HE BLUFFING? AFTER ALL HE WAS THE ONLY ONE INSIDE THE HOUSE! FOR ANSWER READ LAST-CAPTION UPSIDE DOWN!

ROGAN KNOWS THAT BONNIE KILLED HER BROTHER AMBROSE. SHE PUT POWDER AND SHOT INTO THE GUN, KNOWING THE HEAT FROM FIREPLACE WOULD SET IT OFF AND THAT AMBROSE SAT DIRECTLY IN THE LINE OF FIRE. SHE CALLED ATTENTION TO THE SHIP SO THAT SHE WOULD HAVE TIME TO PUT THE SHOT IN. SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW WHERE TO REACH THE POWDER AND SHOT. SHE KNEW AMBROSE ALWAYS SAT IN THAT CHAIR. NO ONE ELSE BUT HER BROTHER WOULD HAVE KNOWN THESE THINGS AND HE WAS ON THE PORCH LOOKING AT THE SHIP THE ONLY TIME THERE WAS A CHANCE!

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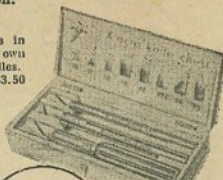
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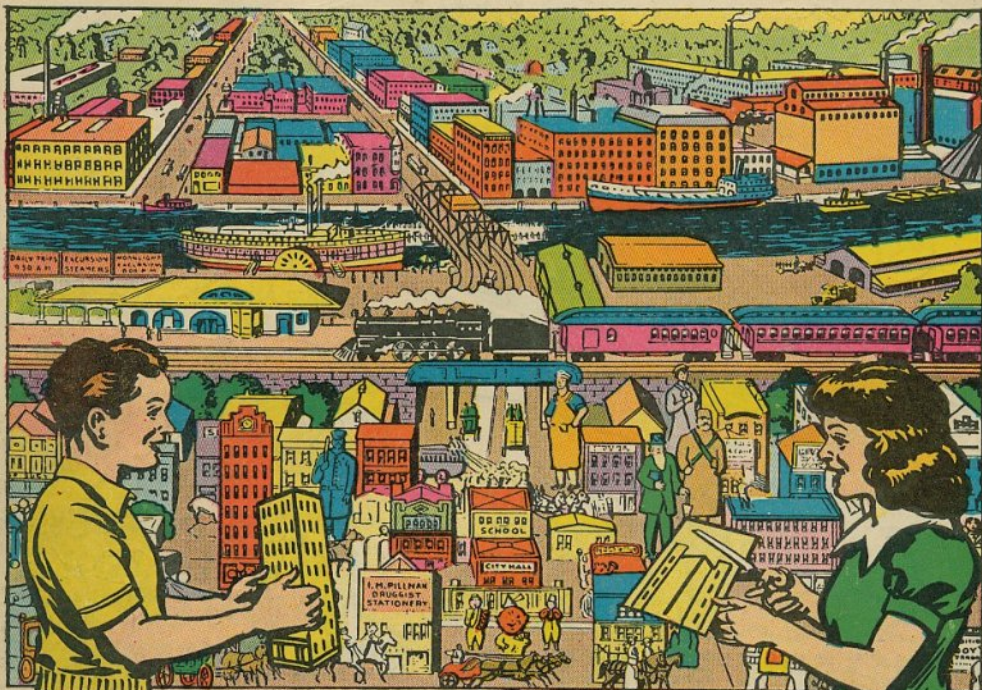
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